

*The Historie of*

The very bottome and the soule of Hope,  
The very list, the very vtmost bound  
Of all our Fortunes.

*Doug.* Fayth, and so we should,  
Where now remains a sweet reuerfion.  
We may boldly spend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in  
A comfort of retirement liues in this.

*Hot.* A randeuous, a home to fly vnto,  
If that the Diuell and Mischance looke big  
Vpon the maydenhead of our affaires.

*Wor.* But yet I would your Father had been heere:

The qualitie and heire of our attempt  
Brookes no deuifion, it will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.  
And thinke, how such an apprehension  
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,  
And breed a kind of question in our cause:  
For, well you know, we of the offering side,  
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,  
And stop all sight-holes, euery loope, from whence  
The eye of reason may pricke in vpon vs:  
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine,  
That shewes the ignorant, a kind of feare  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You straine too farre.  
I rather of his absence make this vse,  
It lendes a lustre and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to your great enterprize,  
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,  
If we without his helpe, can make a head  
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,  
We shall, or turne it topsie turvy downe:  
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can thinke, there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, at this deame of feare.

*Enter Sir Rib. Vernon.*

*Hot.*

*Henrie the fourth.*

*Hot.* My coesen Vernon, welcome by my soule.

*Ver.* Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.  
The Earle of *Westmerland*, seauen thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince *John*.

*Hot.* No harme, what more?

*Ver.* And further, I haue learnd,  
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mightie preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,  
The nimble-footed madcap, *Prince of Wales*,  
And his Cumrades, that dash the world aside,  
And bid it passe?

*Ver.* All furnisht all in Armes?  
All plumde like Estriges, that with the winde  
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,  
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And gorgious as the Sunne at Midsommer,  
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls:  
I saw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,  
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantiy armde,  
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,  
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,  
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,  
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse then the Sunne in March.  
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,  
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smokie Warre,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit  
Vp to the eares in Blood. I am on fire  
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh:  
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horse,  
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,  
Against the bosome of the *Prince of Wales*.

*H. 2.*

*Harry.*